

## OWINGSVILLE OUTLOOK

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### UNAVAILABLE.

It's kind of hard to understand the case of Harry Jones. We thought that he'd grow up to be a regular lazy bones. But his father felt quite hopeful when he saw him out. A-tollin' with a golf-stick an' declarin' it was play. He'd stop and hit that little ball a most tremendous lick. An' then he'd run up hill an' down, all the double quick. To see him so industrious done his folks a heap of good. It's plain he isn't lazy; but he won't chop wood.

He started in for nine pence, an' his enterprise was such. The doctor said as how he'd have to quit for a while. An' as for pool an' billiards I have seen him. I declare. A-tollin' hard fur hours an' holdin' one foot in the air. The neighbors when they used to go a visitin' would brag about the scientific way he hit the punchin' bag. But there's jes' one thing about him that we never understood. He's got a heap of muscle, but he won't chop wood.

You'd think that any one with such a wonderful right arm would look it as fun to help a bit around the house. He never sits down from the dawn till set o' sun. There's also somethin' else, but he don't get nothin' done. An' Harry ain't the only one whose talents goes astray. You see a lot of folks a-keepin' busy, day by day. You look for them to do things; you are certain that they could. But at last they disappoint you, 'cause they won't chop wood.

—Washington Star.

## THE KIDNAPPED MILLIONAIRES

A Tale of Wall Street and the Tropics

By FREDERICK U. ADAMS

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### CHAPTER XXIII.—CONTINUED.

"The next day I became acquainted with the captain, a man named Parker, and found him a mighty good fellow. By leading the conversation gradually up to contractors, and to my friend Hester, I learned that John McIntyre was the contractor, and that he lived in Havana. It seems the schooner was loaded with lumber for Col. McIntyre. The second day out it turned out to be a girl, and carried us away off our course to the southwest. It was late in the afternoon when we passed a steam yacht, which seemed to be headed for New Orleans. She passed us to starboard. Capt. Parker sized her up through a glass and said: 'There is that yacht you were talking about, Seymour. That is the 'Shark'.'"

"He was positive about it. The first mate also said it was the 'Shark'. She was about a mile and a half away, and they could not make out her name. Both knew the 'Shark' well, and were dead sure they could not be mistaken."

"The gale set us back so much that we did not reach Havana until Tuesday morning. Col. McIntyre was not at the pier, and I had considerable trouble finding him. He lives out on Vedado street, and I jumped into a carriage and went out to his house. He had just left to go into the country. I went after him. At was noon before I stood him up."

"Where is Col. McIntyre now?" asked Chalmers.

"He will be soon," said Mr. Seymour. "Jack Stevens has gone out to his house for a while. We found you were in the harbor, Jack went for the colonel, and I came to pay my respects to Miss Carmody. I am never looking for the worst of it."

"Mr. Seymour raised his hat and saluted Miss Carmody."

"But to my story," continued Seymour. "I found Col. McIntyre a gruff old dog, and he tried to stand me off."

"It is not on any island," said Seymour. "It is on the coast of Mexico, south of Vera Cruz. From Col. McIntyre's description, it is a place you would not find in a thousand years. The Mexicans and Indians never go near it. They imagine that it is haunted by the ghosts of some old ruined city, which is said to be near there. There is a small inlet opening into a bay. You cannot see this inlet unless you are close to the shore. There is only one pilot, except Capt. Waters of the 'Shark', who knows the way in through the rocks and shoals. Any boat drawing more than five feet of water would be smashed to pieces. Here comes Jack Stevens and Col. McIntyre."

The new arrivals were welcomed on the yacht. Col. McIntyre was a thick-set, broad-shouldered man, with an immense black mustache, and a complexion almost as dark as that of a mulatto. But his fierceness was all external. There was little to his story which has not been told. Hester had contracted with him to build a bungalow on the shore of the Gulf of Mexico near Vera Cruz. Hester had prepared the plans, which, when slightly modified by Col. McIntyre, were sufficient for the purpose. He purchased the lumber and materials in New Orleans, and sailed with three carpenters to the site selected. Extra workmen were secured at Vera Cruz. The three carpenters were then working for Col. McIntyre in Havana.

"Can you take us direct to the place, Col. McIntyre?" asked Miss Helen.

"I can take you there, but we could not take the yacht without a pilot," said Col. McIntyre. "The pilot is a heavy, and it is dangerous for small boats. We had a pilot from Tampico. My advice is to pick him up on the way down, and then we will have no trouble. When will you start?"

"Just as soon as you are ready, colonel," said Chalmers. "We must take on coal, but that will not take long."

"I am all ready," said Col. McIntyre. "I am a very busy man, and have some contracts on my hands which require my constant attention, but when Mr. Seymour told me about this I dropped everything. I am entirely at your service, Mr. Carmody," said the gallant colonel.

"I do not know how to thank you, Col. McIntyre," said Miss Carmody. "It is not necessary for me to assure you that we shall not permit you to suffer any financial loss on account of your kindness."

Early in the afternoon the "Helen Carmody" glided swiftly out of Havana harbor and took a westerly course. It was night before the vessel reached the ragged coast of Cuba faded in the eastern sky. The day was warm, and it was pleasant under the awnings and the passengers thoroughly enjoyed the afternoon.

Mr. Seymour told some of his newspaper experiences, and kept the party in laughter and good spirits. In the evening Mrs. White took her place at the piano, and persuaded Miss Carmody to sing. Her voice was singularly sweet and sympathetic. Capt. Baldwin and several of his officers stood in the doorway and enjoyed the musical treat. Then Mrs. White played some familiar airs, and all joined in the chorus.

It was midnight when the voyagers retired to their rooms. The weather continued fine the following day, which passed without incident worth recording. Mr. Chalmers seemed to me no different in monopolizing most of Miss Carmody's time. This did not escape the attention of Mr. Seymour.

"That will be the next kidnapping case," he remarked to Jack Stevens as Chalmers and Miss Carmody promenade past them.

Tuesday morning the snow-capped peaks of Mexico lifted their crests above the sea, showing faint and purple in the distance. It was in the afternoon when the yacht dropped anchor in Tampico harbor. Col. McIntyre, Seymour and Stevens came ashore in search of the pilot, and Mr. Chalmers accompanied them. Mrs. White through the streets of the quaint old Mexican town. Col. McIntyre made the discovery that the pilot had been in Vera Cruz, and would not return until late at night. There was nothing to do but wait. It was midnight when the schooner on which the Mexican pilot had shipped dropped into the harbor, and Mr. Chalmers and he was found on board. Col. McIntyre explained what he wanted, and when Chalmers offered the necessary financial inducements the pilot consented to make the trip. The next morning in the morning before the "Helen Carmody" was headed in the direction of Vera Cruz.

An early breakfast was served Wednesday morning. The pilot announced that they should be at their destination between 11 and 12 o'clock that forenoon, and all were excited. Miss Carmody was pale but composed. The hour was fast approaching, and her hopes would be crushed or her happiness made complete. Her face glowed at the thought that all her hopes might crumble into nothingness, and she would be left alone. That Hester had taken his captives to the bungalow. The tears came to her eyes several times, but she checked her emotions, and laughed at some of Seymour's characteristic remarks.

The yacht was running almost due south, and was about 15 miles off shore. There was a fair breeze over the water, but it was hitting the quickening west breeze. Mr. Seymour was seated near the bow of the yacht. "Look at that for a schooner yacht!" he exclaimed, pointing ahead. "That is a beauty! Look at that! Wouldn't they stop now? Capt. Baldwin what is the technical name for that class of ship? It is not classified in my marine books."

Capt. Baldwin was studying the strange-looking craft through his glasses. He did not answer Mr. Seymour's question, but stepped to where Chalmers and Jack Stevens were standing.

"Do you know the missing men by sight?" he asked.

"I do," said Chalmers.

"Look at that boat! That boat through this glass. They are signalling to us."

Chalmers took one long, searching look. They were rapidly approaching. "That is a beauty! Look at that! Wouldn't they stop now? Capt. Baldwin what is the technical name for that class of ship? It is not classified in my marine books."

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The boat-boom swung into place and the gig was lowered. Four sailors leaped into the boat, and with lusty strokes were speeding to the raft. There was quite a sea on and the gig had difficulty in approaching. "The Jumping Jupiter." But in a few minutes Mr. Carmody, Mr. Rockwell, Mr. Haven and Mr. Morton were on board the dingy, and on their way to the yacht.

As the gig neared the "Helen Carmody" the crew and its guests lined up along the rail and gave cheer after cheer. A stalwart seaman helped them to a firm foothold on the gangway. A moment later, a big, sunburned man held in his arms his brave, beautiful daughter.

"Oh, papa, are you sure you are not hurt, or sick, or anything?" asked Miss Helen, rather indifferently, as she stepped back for an instant and through joyous tears looked into her father's rugged and happy face.

"Do I look sick, my pet?" laughed Mr. Carmody. "I never felt better in my life. We are all in splendid health. This seems too good to be true."

"But it is true, papa; it cannot be a dream, even though it seems like one," said Miss Helen, her voice trembling with rapture. "Oh, papa, I was afraid I should never see you again. I could dance for joy. But, papa dear, we must not be selfish. You must meet these splendid men who have worked so earnestly for your rescue."

"So you do not take all the credit for the discovery of your old dad, eh, pet?"

"Not a particle of it!" exclaimed Helen. "All I did was to hope and pray and trust that God would be good."

"You are a brave little girl," said Mr. Carmody. "To whom are we indebted for this splendid service? Ah, here is Mr. Chalmers! How do you do, Mr. Chalmers? Am I to thank you for this reunion with my dear daughter?"

"Not at all," said Mr. Chalmers, as he shook hands cordially with the great capitalist. "You may thank the lucky star which influences the destinies of the Record."

"Mr. Chalmers is too modest to tell you the truth about what he has done, papa," said Miss Helen, giving

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## The Certain Reward of Obeying God

Noah and His Ark as a Testimony Against This Generation.

sermon by the "Highway and Byway" Preacher.

(Copyright, 1911, by J. M. Edson.)

Chicago, Sunday, May 13, 1903.

Text: "Thus said Noah, according to all that the Lord commanded him, so did he."—Gen. 6:22.

HE simple, direct statement of our text bears a wonderful tribute to the patriarch Noah. He obeyed God. This is the greatest testimony which can be borne of any soul. We who read the complete story of Noah's life and see plainly the reward of this obedience may be quick to exclaim: "How foolish and how fatal it would have been for him to do otherwise than all that the Lord commanded him!" But if we will look at the time being the glorious ark riding in safety on the crest of the mighty flood, bearing its living freight above the watery graves of those who refused to heed God's voice or heed His warnings, and stand with Noah when the command of God first came to him, we will see that only implicit faith in God could have given Noah the courage to act. It is not probable as Noah saw the sun, moon, and stars, and the earth, and the sea, and the air, and the land, and the living creatures, and the command of God first came to him, we will see that only implicit faith in God could have given Noah the courage to act. It is not probable as Noah saw the sun, moon, and stars, and the earth, and the sea, and the air, and the land, and the living creatures, and the command of God first came to him, we will see that only implicit faith in God could have given Noah the courage to act. It is not probable as Noah saw the sun, moon, and stars, and the earth, and the sea, and the air, and the land, and the living creatures, and the command of God first came to him, we will see that only implicit faith in God could have given Noah the courage to act. 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